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"I don't know," he said amiably, "and, what's more, I don't care. I hate the ancient Greeks. We had to learn all about them at school — Plato, Socrates, Pericles, Leonidas, Aristotle, Euripides, Homer, and all that stuff. No, I don't *hate* them, that's too strong. But what have they got to do with me? Perhaps we descend from them, perhaps we don't, what does it matter? And who did they descend from, pray? Nobody knows. They were Greeks, and so are we, that's all we know. I come from Smyrna — there's an ancient Greek city for you — and I may be more Greek than the Greeks in Athens, more Greek than your Sarakatsáns, for all I know. Who cares? I probably do descend from them, but that's not the point. *Greece is an idea*, that's the thing! That's what keeps us together — that, and the language and the country and our history, of course, and the Church; not that I like priests particularly, but we owe them a lot. And those old Greeks, our celebrated ancestors, they're a nuisance, and I'll tell you why. *They haunt us*. We can never be as great as they were, nobody can, and they make us all feel guilty. We can't do anything, people think, because of a few old books and temples and lumps of marble. And clever foreigners who know all about the ancients come here expecting to be surrounded by Heracles and Apollo and Hermes and gentlemen in helmets and laurel leaves, and what do they see? Me — a small dark fat man, half bald, with a mustache and eyes like boot buttons!" He laughed good-naturedly. "To hell with them! Give me the men of the War of Independence who chucked out the Turks; give me Averoff, who presented us with a battleship out of his own pocket; give me Venizelos, who saved us all and turned Greece into a proper country. What's wrong with *them*? If we weren't such fools and always quarreling among ourselves, if we could have no wars or revolutions for fifty years — fifty years, that's all I ask — you'd see what a country we'd become! *Then* we could start worrying about the Trojan horse and working out our relationship to Pericles and finding out whether the Sarakatsáns descend from the ancient Greeks!"

I saw his point, especially about being hampered by eternal comparison with his nebulous and illustrious forerunners. For some, the ancients are a source of inspiration and a matter of vague pride, because the outside world sets so high a price on them; to others they are a perpetual irritation. What about Byzantium? — that's where our traditions date from, a modern Greek may think, not from Pericles holding forth on the Acropolis, not from Diogenes' barrel or the tent of Achilles.

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?

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Photographs of the Sarakatsáns by Joan Eyres Monsell.

[p. 98.B]

/11 cont./

123 The pages which follow show the research that we carried on
124 "in the field" and on the basis of the existing published data. In
126 the field we practiced both the extensive and the intensive methods,
depending on the situation and the local possibilities. Techniques
chiefly used were: direct observation, recording of accounts and
narratives, interviews, and finally direct participation in Sarakatsani
life.

124 As informants we chose and questioned more than one hundred persons
of both sexes and all ages, whose social positions were as diverse as
possible.

114 The map on p. 5 shows the geographic points at which we centered
128 our enquiry. In addition, the reader will find in this work a certain
number of plates and drawings which illustrate our subject and complete
our descriptions.

113 As far as bibliography is concerned we must state that no work of
analysis on this subject exists and there are only a small number of
ethnographic studies, which are listed and evaluated in the pages that
follow:

--Carsten H  g: Les Saracatsans, une tribu nomade grecque

This book, bearing chiefly on the study of the Sarakatsani idiom
contains an ethnographic note which, in our opinion, is a good intro-
duction for the reader. However, it is only an introduction and is
therefore limited.

Nevertheless, the linguistic part is very interesting and its
conclusions continue to remain valid.

In the second volume of this work Monsieur H  g reproduces some
Sarakatsani stories and songs in a compilation very useful to the
investigator.

/12/ --D. Georgakas: De l'origine des Saracatsan et de leur
d  nomination (in Greek). A very learned study which presents an excel-
lent systematic and critical account of all the theories concerning the
origin of the Sarakatsani. It also contains some well documented ethnolog-
ical data. However, since this study is very specialized it remains limited.

596 /155 cont./
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derived from a good relationship with it. Business will thus become easier and more profitable.

596 These benefits and advantages would never be realized if one
474 sought to enrich oneself individually and improve one's mode of life.
434 By establishing large flocks--which is only possible for a group, for
233 reasons that we shall see--a person certainly increases his patrimony.
However, by acting in this way he aims chiefly to assert himself socially,
to create situations whereby the group will benefit by means of a
certain disposition of the income.

596 Yet there is more. Each family has the right to a certain portion
474 of the milk products and the wool, in terms of its own needs and indepen-
434 dently of the share that goes toward the family wealth. Now this type
of income "in kind" is also controlled by the group. In order to
(126) examine this fact more specifically we shall reproduce a little story
which we recorded on the spot:

596 /156/ An old Sarakatsani woman threw to the dogs the food that
474 the men had not eaten. This woman died. One night, after her burial,
689 her daughter-in-law heard noises coming from the dog shelter. She ran
474 there and saw her mother-in-law eating with them. She immediately
434 alerted her husband, the son of the deceased. But he, knowing that his
wife was not on good terms with her mother-in-law, believed that it
was a question of malice and paid no attention. But the appearance of
the dead woman continued and finally the son was convinced that his
mother had really become a ghost. In their dilemma, the couple called
(189) a priest who conducted a service on the grave. Thereupon gifts were
(431) handed out "in the name of the mother," and the dead woman, finally at
rest, never reappeared.

596 In order to understand the profound significance of this anecdote
474 we must interpret the gravity of the punishment and the mode of
689 redemption for the sin committed. If the old woman was punished so
434 severely it was because she misused food--common property acquired by